

height, descending as a steep ravine, and forming, with the elevation on which I rested, a dark and narrow gorge, I beheld a city entirely surrounded by what I should have considered in Europe an old feudal wall, with towers and gates. The city was built upon an ascent, and, from the height on which I stood, I could discern the terrace and the cupola of almost every house, and the wall upon the other side rising^from the plain; the ravine extending only on the side to which I was opposite. The city was in a bowl of mountains. In the front was a magnificent mosque, with beautiful gardens, and many light and lofty gates of triumph; a variety of domes and towers rose in all directions from the buildings of bright stone.

Nothing could be conceived more wild, and terrible, and desolate than the surrounding scenery, more dark, and stormy, and severe; but the ground was thrown about in such picturesque undulations, that the mind, full of the sublime, required not the beautiful; and rich and waving woods and sparkling cultivation would have been misplaced. Except Athens, I had never witnessed any scene more essentially impressive. I will not place this spectacle below the city of Minerva. Athens and the Holy City in their glory must have been the finest representations of the beautiful and the sublime; the Holy City, for the elevation on which I stood was the Mount of Olives, and the city on which I gazed was JERUSALEM.<sup>1</sup>

The week they spent at Jerusalem, was to Mm 'the most delightful of all our travels.' He visited the Holy Sepulchre of course and the so-called Tombs of the Kings, and was so fascinated by the Mosque of Omar, standing on the supposed site of the temple of his forefathers, that he 'endeavoured to enter it at the hazard of his life.'

I was detected, and surrounded by a crowd of turbaned fanatics, and escaped with difficulty; but I saw enough to feel that minute inspection would not belie the general character I formed of it from the Mount of Olives. I caught a glorious glimpse of splendid courts, and light airy gates of Saracenic triumph, nights of noble steps, long arcades, and interior gardens, where silver fountains spouted their tall streams amid the taller cypresses.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Gontarini Fleming*, Pt. VI.  
ch. 4. <sup>2</sup> *Alroy*, note 35.